

O D E S
O N
SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

THE SECOND EDITION.

By D. Akinfide



L O N D O N :

Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.

M. DCC. LX.

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LONDON:

Printed for H. and J. Dobson, in Pall Mall.

MDCCLX.



ODE I.

P R E F A C E.

I.

ON yonder verdant hillock laid,
 Where oaks and elms, a friendly shade,
 O'erlook the falling stream,
 O master of the Latin lyre,
 Awhile with thee will I retire
 From summer's noontide beam.

A 2

II. And

II.

And lo, within my lonely bower
 The industrious bee from many a flower
 Collects her balmy dews :

“ For me,” she sings, “ the gems are born,
 “ For me their filken robe adorn,
 “ Their fragrant breath diffuse.”

III.

Sweet murmurer ! may no rude storm
 This hospitable scene deform
 To check thy gladsome toils ;
 Still may the buds unfullied spring,
 Still showers and sunshine court thy wing
 To these ambrosials spoils.

IV.

Nor shall my Muse hereafter fail
 Her fellow-labourer thee to hail ;
 And lucky be the strains
 For long ago did nature frame
 Your seasons and your arts the same,
 Your pleasures and your pains.

V. Like

V.

Like thee, in lowly, sylvan scenes,
 And river-banks and flowery greens,
 My Muse delighted plays ;
 Nor through the desert of the air,
 Though swans or eagles triumph there,
 With fond ambition strays.

VI.

Nor where the boding raven chaunts,
 Nor near the owl's unhallow'd haunts
 Will she her cares employ ;
 But flies from ruins and from tombs,
 From superstition's hateful glooms,
 To day-light and to joy.

VII.

Nor will she tempt the barren waste ;
 Nor deigns the ungrateful stores to taste
 Of any noxious thing ;
 But leaves with scorn to envy's use
 The bitter hemlock's deadly juice,
 The nettle's sordid sting.

VIII.

From all which nature fairest knows,
 The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
 She draws her blameless wealth;
 And when the generous task is done,
 She consecrates a double boon,
 To pleasure and to health.





O D E II.

ON THE WINTER-SOLSTICE,

M. D. CC. XL.

I.

THE radiant ruler of the year

At length his wintry goal attains ;

Soon to reverse the long career,

And northward bend his steady reins.

Now, piercing half Potosi's height,

Prone rush the fiery floods of light

Ripening the mountain's silver stores :

While, in some cavern's horrid shade,

The panting Indian hides his head,

And oft the approach of eve implores.

II. But

II.

But lo, on this deserted coast
 How faint the sun ! how thick the air !
 Lo, arm'd with whirlwind, hail and frost,
 Fierce winter desolates the year.
 The fields have lost their latest bloom ;
 No more the breezes waft perfume,
 No more the streams in music roll :
 But unrelenting storms resound ;
 And, while great nature mourns around,
 Her griefs infect the human soul.

III.

Hence the loud city's busy throngs
 Urge the warm bowl and splendid fire :
 Harmonious dances, festive songs
 Against the spiteful heav'n conspire.
 Meantime perhaps with tender fears
 Some village-dame the curfew hears,
 While round the hearth her children play :
 At morn their father went abroad ;
 The moon is sunk and deep the road ;
 She sighs, and wonders at his stay.

IV.

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,
 And hail the sun's returning force:
 Even now he climbs the northern skies,
 And health and hope attend his course.
 Then louder howl the stormy waste,
 Be grove or meadow worse defac'd,
 Yet gentler hours advance their wing;
 And fancy, mocking winter's might,
 With flowers and dews and radiant light
 Already decks the newborn spring.

V.

O fountain of the golden day,
 Could mortal vows promote thy speed,
 How soon before thy vernal ray
 Should each unkindly damp recede!
 How soon each hovering tempest fly,
 Which now wide-threatening loads the sky,
 Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
 To rend the forest from the steep,
 Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
 To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

B

VI. But

VI.

But let not man's unequal views
 Presume on nature and her laws :
 'Tis his with grateful joy to use
 The indulgence of the sovran cause ;
 Secure that health and beauty springs
 Through this majestic frame of things,
 Beyond what he can reach to know ;
 And that heaven's all-subduing will,
 With good the progeny of ill,
 Attempèrèth every state below.

VII.

How pleasing wears the wintry night,
 Spent with the old illustrious dead !
 While, by the taper's trembling light,
 I seem those awful scents to tread
 Where chiefs and legislators lie,
 Whose triumphs move before my eye
 With every laurel fresh-display'd ;
 While now I taste the Ionian song,
 Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
 Resounding through the olive shade.

VIII. But

O DIE II.

III

VIII.

But should some more familiar friend
 Bid leave the studious page awhile,
 Let mirth on wisdom then attend,
 And social ease on learned toil.
 Then while, at Love's unspotted shrine,
 Each dictates to the god of wine
 Her name whom all his hopes obey,
 What pleasing dreams each bosom warm!
 While absence heightens every charm,
 Impatient for returning May.

IX.

May, thou delight of heaven and earth,
 When will thy genial star arise?
 The auspicious morn which gives thee birth,
 Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
 Within her sylvan haunt behold,
 As in the happy garden old,
 She moves like that primeval fair:
 Thither ye silver-sounding lyres,
 Ye decent smiles, ye chaste desires,
 Kind hope, and mutual faith, repair.

O D I

B 2

X. And

X.

And if believing love can read
 His wonted omens in her eye,
 Then shall my fears, o charming maid,
 And every pain of absence die:
 Then shall my jocund harp, attun'd
 To thy true ear, with sweeter sound
 Pursue the free Horatian song:
 Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
 And eccho, down the bord'ring vale,
 The liquid melody prolong.

XI.





O D E III.
A G A I N S T S U S P I C I O N.

I.

O fly! 'Tis dire Suspicion's mien;
And, meditating plagues unseen,
The forcerefs hither bends:
Behold her torch in gall imbru'd:
Behold—her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

II.

Fly far! Already in your eyes
I see a pale suffusion rise;
And soon through every vein,
Soon will her secret venom spread,
And all your heart and all your head
Imbibe the potent stain.

III. Then

III.

Then many a demon will she raise
 To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways ;
 While gleams of lost delight
 Increase the tempest of the brain ;
 As lightning shines across the main
 Through whirlwinds and through night.

IV.

No more can faith or candour move ;
 But each spontaneous deed of love
 Which reason would applaud,
 Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,
 Fancy malignant drives to dress
 Like injury and fraud.

VI

Farewell to virtue's peaceful times :
 Soon will you stoop to act the crimes
 Which thus you stoop to fear :
 Guilt follows guilt : and where the train
 Begins with wrongs of such a stain,
 What horrors form the rear !

VI

'Tis thus, to work her baleful power,
 Suspicion waits the fullen hour
 Of fretfulness and strife,
 When care the infirmer bosom wrings,
 Or Eurus waves his murky wings
 To damp the seats of life.

VII

But come, forsake the scene unblest
 Which first beheld your faithful breast
 To groundless fears a prey:
 Come, where with my prevailing lyre
 The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
 To charm your doubts away.

VIII

Thron'd in the sun's descending car,
 What power unseen diffuseth far
 This tenderness of mind?
 What genius smiles on yonder flood?
 What god, in whispers from the wood,
 Bids every thought be kind?

O D E

IX. O thou,

IX.

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
Whose wisdom our untoward frame

With social love restrains;
Thou, who by fair affection's ties
Giv'st us to double all our joys
And half disarm our pains;

X.

Let universal candour still,
Clear as yon heav'n-reflecting rill,

Preserve my open mind;
Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
One sordid doubt within me raise
To injure human kind.

VII.



What power unseen
This renders
What genius smiles on
What god, in whispers from the wood,
Bids every thought be kind;



O D E IV.
TO A FRIEND
UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

I. **I**NDEED, my Phædria, if I to find
That gold a female's vow can gain,
If this had e'er disturb'd your mind,
Or cost one serious moment's pain,
I should have said that all the rules
You learn'd of moralists and schools,
Were very useless, very vain.

II. Yet I perhaps mistake the case;
And though with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chace,
You seem the tender loss to bear,
Perhaps your heart bely'd your tongue,
And thinks my censure mighty wrong
To count it such a slight affair.

III. When

III.

When Hesper gilds the shaded sky,
 Oft as you seek the well-known grove,
 Methinks I see you cast your eye
 Back to the morning scenes of love:
 Each pleasing word you heard her say,
 Her gentle look, her graceful way,
 Once more your struggling fancy move.

IV.

Then tell me, is your soul intire?
 Does wisdom calmly hold her throne?
 Then can you question each desire,
 Bid this remain, and that begone?
 No tear half-starting from your eye?
 No kindling blush you know not why?
 No stealing sigh, nor stifled groan?

V.

Away with this unmanly mood!
 See where the hoary churl appears,
 Whose hand hath seiz'd the favourite good
 Which you reserv'd for happier years:
 While side by side the blushing maid
 Shrinks from his visage, half-afraid,
 Spite of the sickly joy she wears.

VI.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,
This chaste, harmonious pair behold;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.
O bloom of youth and florid charms
Well-buried in a dotard's arms!
O equal price of beauty sold!

VII.

Cease then to gaze, unthankful boy;
Let, let her go, the venal fair!
Unworthy she to give you joy;
Then wherefore should she give you care?
Lay, lay your myrtle garland down;
And let the willow's virgin crown
With happier omens bind your hair.

VIII.

O just escap'd the faithless main,
Though driven unwilling on the land,
To guide your favour'd steps again,
Behold your better genius stand:
Where Plato's olive courts your eye,
Where Hamden's laurel shoots on high,
Behold he lifts his awful hand.

IX.

When these are blended on your brow,
 The willow will be nam'd no more;
 Or if that love-deserted bough
 The pitying, laughing girls deplore,
 Yet still shall I most freely swear,
 Your dress has much a better air
 Than all that ever bridegroom wore:

X.

Cease then to gaze, unthankful boy;
 Let her go, the vernal fair!
 Unworthy she to give you joy;
 Then whoso should the give you care,
 Lay your myrtle
 And let the willow
 With happier omen
 O just escap'd the faithful train,
 Though driven unwilling on the land,
 To guide your favour'd steps again,
 Behold your better genius stand:
 Where Plato's olive courts your eye,
 Where Hamden's laurel shoots on high,
 Behold he lifts his awful hand.



O D E V.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

HOW thick the shades of evening close!

How pale the sky with weight of snows!

Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,

And bid the joyless day retire.

——Alas, in vain I try within

To brighten the dejected scene,

While rous'd by grief these fiery pains

Tear the frail texture of my veins;

While winter's voice, that storms around,

And yon deep death-bell's groaning found.

Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,

Till starting horror shakes the room.

Is there in nature no kind power
 To sooth affliction's lonely hour?
 To blunt the edge of dire disease,
 And teach these wintry shades to please?
 Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
 Since through the hovering cloud of care,
 O sweet of language, mild of mien,
 O virtue's friend and pleasure's queen:
 Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
 Compose my jarring thoughts to rest;
 And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
 My song shall all thy praise reveal.

As once ('twas in Astræa's reign)
 The vernal powers renew'd their train,
 It happen'd that immortal Love
 Was ranging through the spheres above,
 And downward hither cast his eye
 The year's returning pomp to spy.
 He saw the radiant god of day
 Waft in his car the rosy May;

The

The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
 Were shedding round him dews and flowers;
 Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
 And Hesper's golden lamp was last.
 But, fairest of the blooming throng,
 When Health majestic mov'd along,
 Delighted to survey below
 The joys which from her presence flow,
 While earth inliven'd hears her voice,
 And swains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
 Then mighty Love her charms confess'd,
 And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
 And, known from that auspicious morn,
 The pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou, Cheerfulness, by heav'n design'd
 To sway the movements of the mind,
 Whatever fretful passion springs,
 Whatever wayward fortune brings
 To disarrange the powers within,
 And strain the musical machine;

Thou,

Thou, Goddess, thy attempting hand
 Doth each discordant string command,
 Refines the soft, and swells the strong;
 And, joining nature's general song,
 Through many a varying tone unfolds
 The harmony of human souls.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
 Kind banisher of homebred strife,
 Nor fullen lip nor taunting eye
 Deforms the scene where thou art by:
 No sickening husband damns the hour
 Which bound his joys to female power;
 No pining mother weeps the cares
 Which parents waste on thankless heirs:

The officious daughters pleas'd attend;
 The brother rises to the friend:
 With flowers their board by thee is crown'd,
 From thee with songs their walks resound;
 And morn with welcome lustre shines,
 And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whose trembling heart
Beats high with love's unpitied smart?
Though now he stray by rills and bow'ers,
And weeping waste the lonely hours,
Or, if the nymph her audience deign,
Disgrace the story of his pain
With slavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs;
Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
Can'st yield him happier arts to please,
Exalt his mien to manlier charms,
Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
For thee I court the Muse again:
The Muse for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondest art,
Who owes to thee that pleasing sway
Which earth and peopled heav'n obey.

Let melancholy's plaintive tongue
 Repeat what later bards have sung;
 But thine was Homer's ancient might,
 And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
 Thy hand each Lesbian wreath attir'd:
 Thy lip Sicilian reeds inspir'd:
 Thy spirit lent the glad perfume
 Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom;
 Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
 Delicious blows the invivifying gale,
 While Horace calls thy sportive choir,
 Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.

But see where yonder pensive sage
 (A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
 Perhaps by tender griefs oppress'd,
 Or glooms congenial to his breast)
 Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
 And bids the joyless world farewell.
 Alone he treads the autumnal shade,
 Alone beneath the mountain laid

He

He sees the nightly damps ascend,
 And gathering storms aloft impend ;
 He hears the neighbouring surges roll,
 And raging thunders shake the pole :
 Then, struck by every object round,
 And stunn'd by every horrid sound,
 Fain would he search out nature's ways ;
 But evil haunts him through the maze :
 He sees ten thousand demons rise
 To wield the empire of the skies,
 And chance and fate assume the rod,
 And malice blot the throne of God.
 —O thou, whose pleasing power i sing,
 Thy lenient influence hither bring ;
 Compose the storm, dispell the gloom,
 Till nature wear her wonted bloom,
 Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
 And music swell each opening gale :
 Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
 And let him learn the timely hour

To

To trace the world's benignant laws,
 And judge of that presiding cause
 Who founds on discord beauty's reign,
 Converts to pleasure every pain,
 Subdues each hostile form to rest,
 And bids the universe be blest.

O thou, whose pleasing power I sing,
 If right I touch the votive string,
 If equal praise I yield thy name,
 Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
 Still with the Muse my bosom share,
 And sooth to peace intruding care.
 But most exert thy pleasing power
 On friendship's consecrated hour;
 And while my Agis leads the road
 To fearless wisdom's high abode,
 Or, warm in freedom's sacred cause,
 Pursues the light of Grecian laws,
 Attend, and grace our generous toils
 With all thy garlands, all thy smiles.

But if, by fortune's stubborn sway,
From him and friendship torn away,
I court the Muse's healing spell
For griefs that still with absence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To such indulgent, tender themes
As just the struggling breast may cheer,
And just suspend the starting tear,
Yet leave that sacred sense of woe,
Which none but friends and lovers know.





O D E VI.
T O T H E M U S E.

I.
QUEEN of my songs, harmonious maid,
Ah why hast thou withdrawn thy aid?
Ah why forsaken thus my breast
With inauspicious damps oppress'd?
Where is the dread prophetic heat,
With which my bosom wont to beat?
Where all the bright mysterious dreams
Of haunted groves and tuneful streams,
That woo'd my genius to divinest themes?

II.

Say, goddess, can the festal board,
Or young Dione's form ador'd;
Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?

Or

Or have melodious airs the pow'r
To give one free, poetic hour?
Or, from amid thè Elysian train,
The soul of Milton shall I gain,
To win thee back with some celestial strain?

III.

O pow'rful strain! o sacred soul!
His numbers every sense controul:
And now again my bosom burns;
And now thè inspiring Muse returns.
Such on the banks of Tyne confess'd,
I hail'd the fair immortal guest,
When first she seal'd me for her own,
Made all her blissful treasures known,
And bade me swear to follow Her alone.





O D E VII.

ON LOVE, TO A FRIEND.

I.

NO, foolish boy—To virtuous fame
 If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
 If true ambition's nobler flame
 Command thy footsteps from the croud,
 Lean not to Love's enchanting snare ;
 His dances, his delights beware,
 Nor mingle in the band of young and fair.

II.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
 The wreath of just renown is worn ;
 Nor will ambition's awful spoils
 The flowery pomp of ease adorn :

But

But Love unbends the force of thought ;
 By Love unmanly fears are taught ;
 And Love's reward with gaudy sloth is bought.

III.

Yet have I read in tuneful lays,
 And heard from many a zealous breast,
 The pleasing tale of beauty's praise
 In wisdom's lofty language dress'd ;
 Of beauty powerful to impart
 Each finer sense, each comelier art,
 And sooth and polish man's ungente heart.

IV.

If then, from Love's deceit secure,
 Thus far alone thy wishes tend,—
 Go ; see the white-wing'd evening hour
 On Delia's vernal walk descend :
 Go, while the golden light serene,
 The grove, the lawn, the soften'd scene
 Becomes the presence of the rural queen,

E

V. Attend,

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
 Each bosom, each desire commands :
 Apollo's lute by Hermes strung
 And touch'd by chaste Minerva's hands,
 Attend. I feel a force divine,
 O Delia, win my thoughts to thine ;
 That half the colour of thy life is mine.

VI.

Yet conscious of the dangerous charm,
 Soon would I turn my steps away ;
 Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
 Nor slacken reason's watchful sway.
 But thou, my friend—I hear thy sighs :
 Alas, I read thy downcast eyes :
 And thy tongue falters ; and thy colour flies.

VII.

So soon again to meet the fair ?
 So pensive all this absent hour ?
 —O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
 While yet to drink is in thy power.

In vain with friendship's flattering name
 Thy passion veils its inward shame;
 Friendship, the treacherous fuel of thy flame!

VIII.

Once, I remember, new to Love,
 And dreading his tyrannic chain,
 I sought a gentle maid to prove
 What peaceful joys in friendship reign:
 Whence we forsooth might safely stand,
 And pitying view the lovesick band,
 And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequent pass'd the cheerful day,
 To unreserv'd discourse resign'd;
 While I exulted to survey
 One generous woman's real mind:
 But soon some unknown care possess'd
 Each wakeful night my anxious breast:
 Then first did friendship e'er invade my rest.

X.

Fool that I was——And now, even now
 While thus I preach the Stoic strain,
 Unless i shun Dione's view,
 An hour unsays it all again.
 O friend!—when Love directs her eyes
 To pierce where every passion lies,
 Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise?





O D E VIII.
ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

I. 1.

FAREWELL to Leyden's lonely bound,
The Belgian Muse's sober seat ;
Where dealing frugal gifts around
To all the favourites at her feet,
She trains the body's bulky frame
For passive, persevering toils ;
And lest, from any prouder aim,
The daring mind should scorn her homely spoils,
She breathes maternal fogs to damp its restless flame.

I. 2.

Farewell the grave, pacific air,
Where never mountain zephyr blew :
The marshy levels lank and bare,
Which Pan, which Ceres never knew :

The

The Naiads, in obscene attire,
 Urging their lazy urns to flow ;
 While round them chaunt the croaking choir,
 And haply sooth some lover's prudent woe,
 Or prompt some restive bard and modulate his lyre.

I. 3.

Farewell ye nymphs, whom sober care of gain
 Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of love :
 She render'd all his boasted arrows vain ;
 And all his gifts did he in spite remove.
 Ye too, the flow-ey'd fathers of the land,
 With whom dominion steals from hand to hand,
 Unown'd, undignify'd by public choice,
 I go where liberty to all is known,
 And tells a monarch on his throne,
 He reigns not but by her preserving voice.

II. 1.

O my lov'd England, when with thee
 Shall i sit down, to part no more ?
 Far from this pale, discolour'd sea,
 That sleeps upon the reedy shore,

When

When shall i plough thy azure tides?
When on thy hills the flocks admire,
Like mountain snows; till down their fides
I trace the village and the sacred spire,
Broad oaks and furrow'd fields which the green copse divides?

II. 2.

Ye nymphs who guard the pathless grove,
Ye blue-ey'd sisters of the streams,
With whom i wont at morn to rove,
With whom at noon i talk'd in dreams;
O! take me to your haunts again,
The rocky spring, the greenwood glade;
To guide my lonely footsteps deign,
To prompt my slumbers in the murmuring shade,
And sooth my vacant ear with many' an airy strain.

II. 3.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
Thy drooping master's inauspicious hand:
Now brighter skies and fresher gales return,
Now fairer maids thy melody demand.

Daughters

Daughters of Albion, listen to my lyre!

O Phœbus, guardian of the Aonian choir,

Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own,

When all the virgin deities above

With Venus and with Juno move

In concert round the Olympian father's throne?

III. 1.

Thee too, protectress of my lays,

Elate with whose majestic call

Above the soft Italian's praise,

Above the flavish boast of Gaul,

I dare from impious thrones reclaim,

And wanton sloth's ignoble charms,

The honours of a poet's name

To Ashley's wisdom, or to Hamden's arms,

Thee, freedom, I rejoin, and bless thy genuine flame,

III. 2.

Great citizen of Albion. Thee

Heroic valour still attends,

And useful science pleas'd to see

How art her studious toil extends.

While

While truth, diffusing from on high
 A lustre unconfin'd as day,
 Fills and commands the public eye ;
 Till, pierc'd and sinking by her powerful ray,
 Tame faith and monkish awe, like nightly demons, fly.

III. 3.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour shares :
 Hence dread religion dwells with social joy ;
 And holy passions and un sullied cares,
 In youth, in age, domestic life imploy.
 O fair Britannia, hail !—With partial love
 The tribes of men their native seats approve,
 Unjust and hostile to each foreign fame :
 But when for generous minds and manly laws
 A nation holds her prime applause,
 There public zeal shall all reproof disclaim.





O D E IX.

T O S L E E P.

I.

THOU silent power, whose welcome sway
 Charms every anxious thought away;
 In whose divine oblivion drown'd,
 Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
 Love is with kinder looks beguil'd,
 And grief forgets her fondly-cherish'd wound;
 O! whither hast thou flown, indulgent god?
 God of kind shadows and of healing dew,
 O'er whom dost thou extend thy magic rod?
 Around what peaceful couch thy opiate airs diffuse?

II.

Lo, midnight from her starry reign
 Looks awful down on earth and main.

The tuneful birds lie hush'd in sleep,
 With all that crop the verdant food,
 With all that skim the crystal flood,
 Or haunt the caverns of the rocky steep.
 No rushing winds disturb the tufted bowers ;
 No wakeful sound the moonlight valley knows,
 Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
 And lulls the waving scene to more profound repose.

III.

O! let not me alone complain,
 Alone invoke thy power in vain!
 Descend, propitious, on my eyes ;
 Not from the couch that bears a crown,
 Not from the courtly statesman's down,
 Nor where the miser and his treasure lies :
 Bring not the shapes that break the murderer's rest,
 Nor those the hireling soldier loves to see,
 Nor those which haunt the bigot's gloomy breast :
 Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from me!

IV. Nor

IV.

Nor yet those awful forms present,
 For chiefs and heroes only meant:
 The figur'd brags, the choral song,
 The rescued people's glad applause,
 The listening senate, and the laws
 Fix'd by the counsels of * Timoleon's tongue,
 Are scenes too grand for fortune's private ways;
 And though they shine in youth's ingenuous view,
 The sober gainful arts of modern days
 To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

V.

I ask not, god of dreams, thy care
 To banish Love's presentments fair:
 Nor rosy cheek nor radiant eye
 Can arm him with such influence bland
 That the young forcérer's fatal hand
 Should round my soul his pleasing fetters tie.
 Nor

* After Timoleon had delivered Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionysius, the people on every important deliberation sent for him into the public assembly, ask'd his advice, and voted according to it. PLUTARCH.

Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving smile
 (A lighter phantom and a baser chain)
 Did e'er in slumber my proud lyre beguile
 To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according strain.

VI.

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
 Such honourable visions bring,
 As sooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,
 When in prophetic dreams he saw
 The race unborn with pious awe
 Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page:
 Or such as Mead's benignant fancy knows,
 When health's deep treasures, by his art explor'd,
 Have sav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
 Or to the trembling fire his age's hope restor'd.





ODE X.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

I. 1.

ONCE more i join the Thespian choir,
And taste the inspiring fount again :

O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy hallow'd strain—
And lo, with ease my step invades
The pathless vale and opening shades,
Till now i spy her verdant seat ;
And now at large i drink the sound,
While these her offspring, list'ning round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2. I see

I. 2.

I see Anacreon smile and sing:
 His silver tresses breathe perfume;
 His cheek displays a second spring
 Of roses taught by wine to bloom.
 Away, deceitful cares, away,
 And let me listen to his lay;
 Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
 While in smooth dance the light-wing'd Hours
 Lead round his lyre the festal powers,
 The Graces, and the Idalian boy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
 Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
 With louder impulse and a threatening hand
 The * Lesbian patriot smites the sounding chords:
 Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
 Ye curst of gods and freeborn men,
 Ye murderers of the laws,
 Though now ye glory in your lust,
 Though now ye tread the feeble neck in dust,
 Yet Time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful cause.

* Alcæus.

II. 1. But

II. 1.

But lo, to Sappho's melting airs
 Descends the radiant queen of love:
 She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
 Her suppliant's plaintive measures move:
 Why is my faithful maid distress'd?
 Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast?
 Say, flies he?—Soon he shall pursue:
 Shuns he thy gifts?—He soon shall give:
 Slights he thy sorrows?—He shall grieve,
 And soon to all thy wishes bow.

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
 Awakes thy golden shell again?
 What mortal breath shall e'er presume
 To eccho that unbounded strain?
 Majestic in the frown of years,
 Behold, the * man of Thebes appears:
 For some there are, whose mighty frame
 The hand of Jove at birth indow'd
 With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
 As eagles drink the noontide flame,

* Pindar.

While

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
 And clamours far below.—Propitious Muse,
 While i so late unlock thy purer springs,
 And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse,
 Wilt thou, attracting Albion's ear
 That long-lost melody to hear,
 Thy charming arts imploy,
 As when the winds from shore to shore
 Through Greece thy lyre's persuasive language bore,
 Till towns, and isles, and seas return'd the vocal joy?

III. 1.

Yet then did pleasure's lawless throng,
 Oft rushing forth in loose attire,
 With impious sounds profane thy song
 And break in shameful steps thy choir.
 O fair, o chaste, be still with me
 From such opprobrious discord free:
 While i frequent thy tuneful shade,
 No frantic shout from Thracian dame,
 No Satyr's dire incestuous flame
 Shall e'er the sacred haunt invade.

III. 2.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
 The fairest flowers of Pindus glow;
 The vine aspires to crown thy seat,
 And myrtles round thy laurel grow.
 Thy strings adapt their varied strain
 To every pleasure, every pain,
 Which mortal tribes were born to prove;
 And strait our passions rise or fall,
 As at the wind's imperious call
 The ocean swells, the billows move.

III. 3.

When midnight listens o'er the slumbering earth,
 Let me, o Muse, thy solemn whispers hear:
 When morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,
 With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
 And ever watchful at thy side,
 Let wisdom's awful suffrage guide
 The tenour of thy lay:
 To her of old by Jove was given
 To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven;
 'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway.

IV. 1. Oft

IV. 1.

Oft as, to well-earn'd ease resign'd,
 I quit the maze where science toils,
 Do thou refresh my yielding mind
 With all thy gay, delusive spoils.
 But, o indulgent, come not nigh
 The busy steps, the jealous eye
 Of wealthy care or gainful age;
 Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,
 And hold as foes to reason's reign
 Whome'er thy lovely works engage.

IV. 2.

When friendship and when letter'd mirth
 Haply furround my genial board,
 Then let thy virgin hand call forth
 The music of the Teian chord.
 Or if invok'd at softer hours,
 O! seek with me the happy bowers
 That hear Dione's gentle tongue;
 To beauty link'd with virtue's train,
 To love devoid of jealous pain,
 There let the Sapphic lute be strung.

IV. 3. But

IV. V3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
 A hero bleeding for his native land;
 Or when, to nourish freedom's vestal flame,
 I hear my genius utter his command,
 Nor Theban voice nor Lesbian lyre
 From thee, o Muse, do I require;
 While my presaging mind,
 Conscious of powers she never knew,
 Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
 Nor by another's fate submits to be confin'd.

IV. VI.

THE END.



